

Motivation (Part VII)

by Victor

Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer
Genre: Romance
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-06-12 08:00:00
Updated: 2000-06-12 08:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:04:54
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,348
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: originally posted at buffyguide.com for S/W shippers

Motivation (Part VII)

>'Bout damn time, in'nt?

> Title: This part - Motivation
 The whole thing - A Walk On The Spike Side
> Category: Comedy with a dash of drama.
 Rated: PG
> Central Characters: Willow and Spike. Giles, Buffy, Xander, Joyce, and maybe
 even Oz thrown in, too at random intervals.
> Spoilers: Season 4 up to "A New Man" and references to happenings of things
 past from all seasons.
> Teaser: The Willow and Spike relationship we never thought we'd see.
 Summary: Willow and Spike realize that they are kind of fond of each other
> and after discussing it, decide to go out on a date, much to the shock and
 amazement of the rest of the Scooby Gang.
> Disclaimer: Joss Whedon created these lovely toys so I'm going to play with
 them. I claim no ownership of them and will politely return them if asked.
> Dedications: To Vampire Slayer D who started this whole thing. To slayergrrrrl
 for her creative title input. To everyone with a little bit of Spike or Willow in
> them whether they admit it or not. And to everyone who told me to get off my
 arse and post this bad boy.
>

> This is way shorter than I intended, but the rest will just become Part Eight.
 Enjoy.
>
 Motivation
>

> Willow, Buffy, and Giles are sitting in Giles' living room talking when they hear
 a noise outside. As they listen more closely, the three of them realize that it's
> singing. Spike singing, to be precise, and it gets louder as he

approaches the
 front door.

> S:"MURDER BY NUMBERS! ONE, TWO, THREE!" He swings open the door.
 "IT'S AS EASY TO LEARN AS Y- Oh. It's a party now, is it? Does that mean

> I'm crashing?"
 G:"Actually, you're the guest of honor."

> S:"Well, all-bloody-right, then! Am I on time?"
 B:"Fashionably late."

> S:"Even better."
 Buffy looks at Willow and Giles. "Remember what I said earlier about not being

> totally freaked out by this? I lied. I'm suddenly getting a major wiggins."
 S:"Now you know, too? Who's next? The local news? Red, we've got to work on

> this secret keeping thing."
 W:"I had to tell her. She's my best friend. And she seems okay with it, too.

> Well, in a I'd-really-like-to-stake-him-but-not-if-you-like-him sorta way."
 B:"So how's my Mom?"

> Spike rolls his eyes and then looks at Giles "God. The one time I ask a favor
 from you and you screw it up."

> G:"The...ahh...one time? Oh, yes. I seem to recall that you don't think of
 us...um...keeping you alive as a favor."

> W:"Look, it's okay. Really. Everybody knows everything, but see? They aren't
 trying to stop us. They're just watching out for me, aren't you?"

> B:"Yes we are, Will. And to continue doing so, I'd like to have a little talk with
 Casanova the Impotent. Outside."

> S:"Oh, you can't be serious. I'm not about to purposefully step into a good
 thrashing for no reason."

> B:"Relax. I'm not going to beat you up. The thought is more than little tempting,
 but I just want to talk."

> S:"Is that all you people ever do when there's no action? Talk? Can't you rot
 your brains by watching the telly or listen to records with hidden messages in

> them or something?"
 G:"Buffy, I'm fairly certain that...err...I know what you're going to say to Spike

> and...ahh...I'll not stop you, but just remember what I said earlier, won't you?"
 Buffy nods and turns to Spike. He shrugs and opens the door only to be soundly

> rapped on the head by Xander.
 S:"BLOODY HELL!"

> Xander looks ready to jump completely out of his skin for a moment before
 reality sets in. "I guess I should take advantage of being able to do that while I

> can, huh?"
 S:"Right now, all I can do is make fun of you, pizza boy, and lucky for you even

> that's getting a little old, but when I get this soddin' chip out of my head..."
 X:"Yeah, yeah, yeah. There's no place on earth I'll be able to hide from you're

> vengeful vampiric wrath. I get it. Send me a postcard when I'm supposed to be
 worried, okay?"

> Spike snarls as Buffy pushes him out the door and follows, shutting it behind
 her.

> X:"Well. He seemed happier than usual. What the occasion?"

W:"I'm going out on a date with him tomorrow night."

> X:"Oh. That would expla- WHAT?!?"
 G:"Oh, no. Willow, I'm wondering...could we have at all avoided telling

> Xander?"

> -----OUTSIDE-----
 S:"Alright, Blondie. Let's hear it. I've already gotten this speech from everyone

> else tonight, I guess I may as well get it from you, too."

B:"Oh, you have? Well, I don't think you've heard this version. I don't know

> how you ever talked Willow into this, but she seems to be herself and she says
 she's alright with it, so I won't do anything just yet, but you better believe I'll
> be keeping my eye on you."
 S:"What? You're her chaperone now? And for your information, it was Red who
> started this whole thing. She got all up inside my head and before I knew it, I'd
 asked her out. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that I quite
> liked the idea."
 B:"What do you want from her, then?"
> S:"Oh, bollocks. Don't you understand how bloody pointless this is? Could I say
 anything right now that you'd even consider believing? No. Other than 'I want
> to kill her first', whatever I say is gonna go in one ear and out the other. Well
 listen up, little girl, because I'm only gonna say this once more and I want it to
> be perfectly clear. When I get back to normal, you're the absolute,
 A-number-one, first person I'm comin' after. Followed a close second by
> Momma's Little Basement Dweller. The only person that has nothing to worry
 about is Willow. And why do you think that is? Hmm? Could it be because she
> took half a bloody second to actually make me think of something other than
 ripping out your kidneys? Nooooo. Can't have that, can we? Could it be because
> even though she knows all about how ruthless I used to be, she still treats me
 with a dash of respect that's not completely based on fear? Christ, what kind
> of dodgy thinkin' is that? And could it possibly be because now that I've had
 my little operation, she's the only one of you who doesn't take almost every
> opportunity to ridicule me? Phhft. I may be insane but I'm not stupid. None of
 those are reasons for me to leave her alone are they?"
> B:"Your argument against me staking you is failing with flying colors."
 S:"Bugger that. I'm not tellin' you anything you don't already know. I'm taking
> advantage of my situation. Once things are different, we'll both do what we
 have to do. You know it and I know it. But right now, you don't even need to be
> concerned with me, and I'll be damned if I'm going to care what you think. Are
 we bloody done now?"
> B:"No, we're not done. How is it you can be such a pain in the ass and still be
 right?"
> S:"It's a gift."

 Everyone's had plenty of time to forget the other parts, so go back, read 'em
> again, and load me up with feedback. Praise is nice, but death threats have a
 twisted appeal, also. Constructive criticism just rocks, though.
> <p><p>

End
file.